

## IN OVERHAUSEN.

Eugene Field from Overhauser to the Chicago News.

In Overhauser's time

And now I feel the muse's whim

Inspire me to embrace the pen

That succulent and sapid theme

Behest of Gentle and of Jew.

A gossamer stave!

The good Herr Schmitz brought out his best—

Soup, curried with hearty zest.

And, fervently and I beseech!

That generous and abundant host

When suddenly I saw him on my view

A gossamer stave!

I sniffed it coming on apace,

And as its colors filled

I felt my soul's place

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With rapture altogether new—

A gossamer stave!

These fellow birds had never played

In yonder village road:

Had never through the misty air

Upon the grass grown beyond

Cooed up, they, singing sweet!

For gossamer stave!

My doctor said I mustn't eat

High food and seasoned meat

But surely gossamer is a meat

With tender nutriment complete.

For gossamer stave!

And when from Rheinfeld I adjourn

And shall my memory often turn

To gossamer stave!

And gossamer stave!

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handicapped I should be in a contest with you?

What could happen to me but defeat? And I tell

you that in this matter defeat will be bitter

than death. I will be hard to bear—such a blow

from such a friend, from a friend who is

armed so much better than I that I have no chance

against him.

I can't help it, Davis. Whelan said, but he

said with less than a friendly smile, "I am

sorry it is so. I wish we were better matched,

but I don't think I have quite so much the best

of you as you seem to think. You have your

advantages, too; you are very clever.

He was very good, for not only had he

known what line to take and how to work it

effectively, but he knew exactly when to stop.

He heard competition in his friend's voice, so he

stopped for some time to let it work fully.

He did not suppose, however, that the cleverness was

instinctive, not calculated; he was really pleading

from the depth of his own feeling.

At last he spoke again. Whelan. The thing is in

your hands. I can't contend against you, as I

said. I've put the matter before you as strongly

as I can; as to putting it as it is, as I feel it,

that's impossible.

Whelan did not answer. He sat looking

absently at the clear, silent, frosty sky. The Mall

was getting empty now, and the cold, pure night

air was quieting and pleasant. The surprise

with which he had listened to his friend's request

began to wear off; the feeling of exaltation which

had filled him when he left the theatre began to

reassert itself. He remembered how eagerly he

had longed for an opportunity of self-sacrifice

but if at an hour, and was almost ashamed to

see that, now his opportunity had come, it was

doubtful whether he would avail himself of it.

He looked across at Davis, and saw his attitude

of calm indifference, and he was profoundly

touched. At the moment his friend's pleading

seemed to him full of force and truth. There

could be no question of the use of his wanted

use of the available money. Miss Parry was

Would it not be contemptible to a man who had

unquestionable advantages against a man who had

absolutely no power of competing with him? So

he decided to accept the offer, and to resign a

certain victory was true generosity.

After a long pause he spoke.

"You think she will have you, Davis?"

"I am sure of it. If not, you can still try

your chance, you know."

Leave my name out of the question and

try, own and I wish you success with all

my heart, Tom."

Three months later the marriage of Miss Parry

and Mr. Davis was announced in the papers.

Chris Whelan, who had been waiting for the

of the way through the best part of the season,

now felt himself at liberty to return to town.

"You won't mind my looking you up occasion-

ally, I suppose," he said to Davis. "I shall like

to see you, you get on."

"Oh, come by all means," Davis said enthusias-

tically. "You have a right to see the result of

your generosity, and you'll congratulate yourself

when you get home. We are making a success of

Madge and I."

So Chris went. The Davises had nothing of

what is usually termed "position," but they had

a cozy little place at Tooting, where, although

the house was not large, it was indeed always

in the heart of a warm welcome from his friend and

his friend's wife.

Mrs. Davis, indeed, was particularly gracious

and cordial toward her husband's friend, but now

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he said, "Madge, are you all right? Whelan?"

That's well. And Wyatt and Derrick?"

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